

On Cambridge creek
We danced
I twirled her like a top
Watching her Hair in the wind
I dipped her and kissed her
I lifted her high into the sky
She laughed and I cried
as we dance under our cherry tree
And then the music stopped
"It's time, isn't it," I said.
"Yes It is," she said "Time to wake up."
So I woke to face other day without her
By Barry Wyatt

From book
"We no longer walk on the earth"
Barry Wyatt Jr.